THE MISSIONARY
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NOVEMBER • 1945

IN THIS ISSUE

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The Missionary Herald

At Home And Abroad

Vol. CXLI NOVEMBER, 1945 No. 7

Editor: ANDREW VANCE MCCRACKEN

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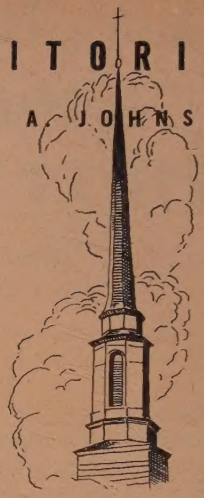
GUEST EDITORIAL

BY ERIC A. JOHNSTON



We are hearing a great deal of discussion—necessary discussion—of the global reconstruction to come.

But the globe is only the sum total of its parts. The nation is only the sum total of its families. And every family is the sum total of its individual members. In this sense, each of us is the center of the world.

No matter what fine plans for the government of world affairs may be set up, the world will never be any better than the men and women in it.

I am convinced that the real tests of human behavior are to be found in personal character—in a wholesome respect for the ordinary decencies, in a passion for such obvious and therefore neglected values as justice, fair play, compassion.

The greatest crime of those who unloosed the scourge of war is that they tried to banish goodness and pity and truth from the earth. In this creed the torture and murder of innocent people were regarded without horror; in fact, with a perverted glow of pride.

The danger that we must guard against is that the enemy's moral corruption may touch our blood stream.

The two decades between the two world wars have been a period of cynicism and little faith. It became "smart" to question moral values, to "debunk" everything, to make excuses for horror and brutality. We have heard men sneer at freedom and make light of democracy. A lot of us forget that our code of morals, our respect for truth and fair dealing, are not arbitrary laws imposed from the outside. They are the products of thousands of years of human experience—the quintessence of the wisdom of the ages. To violate this code brings disaster as surely as violation of the physical laws of nature brings disease and death.

To the extent that we have yielded to the wave of cynicism, we have contributed to the great crisis of this epoch, which has culminated in the most destructive war of all time. The fact is that it has not been merely a political or economic crisis. It has been a crisis in morals.

The foundation of the brave new world must depend upon us; upon our robust sense of right and wrong; our respect for individual human beings; upon our dedication to the simple virtues of everyday life.

Character is the beginning and end of all things. Without it, we have only the ashes of a people's failures; with it, the rainbow of civilization's desires.

Mr. Johnston is the president of the United States Chamber of Commerce.

The intruder was seated on the edge of the far bunk, taking off her shoes.

THE WOMAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

A Story

BY JOHN YARD

MY friend, Mrs. Barbour, was making a quick tour of the Orient in 1939, before rejoining her husband in the Philippines.

In Shanghai, at the offices of the Japanese steamship line, she had insisted on occupying a cabin alone. Only a two-berth stateroom was available, but she preferred to pay the double fare rather than risk being thrown in with some uncongenial traveler.

Imagine her consternation when the cabin boy left her at the stateroom door and she stepped inside to discover a strange woman there.

The intruder was seated on the edge of the far bunk, calmly preparing to take off her shoes, which were crude affairs with thick wooden soles. She appeared buxom at first glance, with a Victorian hourglass figure stuffed into a tight black bodice with an incredibly voluminous skirt of material that had taken on a greenish hue from old age. Belying her hip girth, her face, topped by straggling gray hair and an outrageous bonnet, was thin and drawn.

Mrs. Barbour backed out of the stateroom as hastily as possible. The cabin boy had fled. She followed

swiftly after him, straight to the purser's office. The purser was a dapper Japanese, who was silent while she poured out a flood of protestations. Then he announced with an oily politeness, "She is a missionary of your Christianity. Our Japanese military authority have evacuated her from Shihmenyin in Shansi, which our armies have conquered. She is ordered to leave China, and return home via Japan. She is German. Frau Wagner is the name."

When Mrs. Barbour got back to the stateroom, Frau Wagner had already partially undressed. My friend busied herself with her suitcase, trying to keep her eyes turned aside. But in spite of herself, she kept seeing the woman in the mirror beyond her berth.

Opportunely, at that moment, the old lady spoke.

"My clothes must appear outmoded to you," she said. "They are those I took with me to China on my honeymoon, forty years ago. I have never had any since, for you see, I have never been home in all that time."

"You must have been very busy."

"Yes. We had a school for girls. There are always many waifs in China, and it is hardest on those of our sex. Years ago we settled in Shansi, and my husband built a small house of mud plaster. Later, we were able to get a large and comfortable old Chinese place, close to town. We had a happy and peaceful life with our many Chinese daughters, behind our high wall."

"How many girls were there?" asked Mrs. Barbour.

Frau Wagner smiled. She sat down on the edge of her bunk again.

"Ach, so many in forty years," she sighed. "I don't think I ever counted them all. Some were half grown when they came to us. Always a year of famine brought them in. Others were abandoned girl babies that nobody wanted. But when our girls were old enough to wed we always found plenty of young farmers happy to have them for brides. *Lieber Gott*, it is so wonderful how an idea of human goodness will grow and spread its seeds, and yield a harvest, just like rice! Our Chinese daughters gave birth to many fine sons. I have watched their children and their grandchildren grow into upright citizens. They have an ideal of freedom and decency that no one can take away from them. The Japanese could slaughter them, but there would be something that would rise out of their graves!"

Mrs. Barbour was touched. "You have seen a lot of bloodshed, I'm afraid."

"Ach—everywhere—young bodies crumpled up, on our roads and across our fields. Too many, sometimes, to give them decent burial."

Mrs. Barbour recalled that they talked for a long time. Her inclination to laugh had given way to emotions so profound that she forgot she was staring at a thick old German frau in her underwear. Finally she asked, "What has become of the school—your husband—the girls...?"

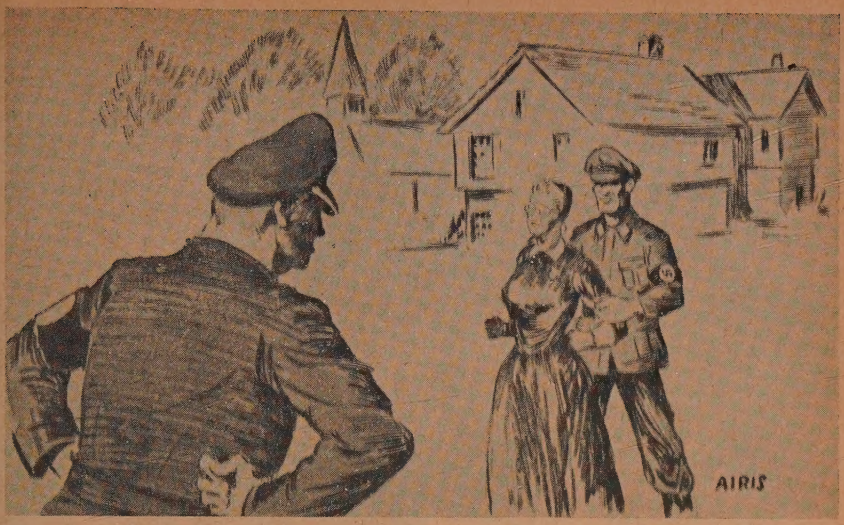
"They are gone," Frau Wagner said softly. "When the Japanese overran our province, a band of their soldiers came to our school demanding our Chinese daughters. My husband went to our gates to meet them. He was able to awe them a little, because of his age and great stature. Not one of them dared advance, and after a while they marched on. We gave thanks to God that our children had been saved. But the next day, one of the Japanese put a bamboo ladder against our wall and shot my husband while he was talking to the gatekeeper in the outer courtyard."

"They killed him!"

"Yes."

"What did you do then?"

"I found a way to sneak my



"Take her out into the square and club her to death!" the officer ordered.

daughters out of the school, one by one, at night, and I had Chinese friends who helped them to escape into the unoccupied lands. I could not feel safe until they were all fled."

"But then you were left alone."

"Not alone. My husband's grave was in the garden."

Tears were coursing down Mrs. Barbour's cheeks. Yet she felt oddly happy. An old woman in red underwear had become beautiful. Suddenly she was stricken with the thought of this old lady returning to Nazi Germany.

"I am from Stolberg, near Aachen, on the Belgian border," Frau Wagner had said. "It will seem good to be home after so long."

"Germany is not the place you left forty years ago. Have you heard much about Hitler?"

"Not much more than the name. I know, though, that Germany is not too happy a place today."

"It certainly is not. It may be a shock to you! Hitler is out to enslave all Europe. . . ."

"Ach, he could not do that! Man is free . . . even if born in chains! That is what our poet Schiller has said."

Such is the first portion of the story as my friend related it to me. Perhaps no one would ever have known the second part, if it had not been that Mrs. Barbour's husband later served in Europe. When American troops captured Stolberg, Colonel Barbour made some inquiries about Frau Wagner.

When she arrived back in Germany, she was practically penniless. She was well over seventy, but strong and accustomed to hard work. Accordingly, one Herr Gottlieb, who had a small farm, was glad to take her in, for the shortage of help was becoming acute.

One day, in the village square of Stolberg, the old missionary's compassion completely overcame her. The S. S. troopers had dragged a young Jewish boy out of a shop and were beating him while a crowd looked on. The Gottliebs and Frau

(Continued on page 48)

Man fought with sticks and rocks. He "progressed" to guns and atom bombs. Today he faces a choice between instruments of war and those of lasting peace.

By
Robert St. John

What next, little man, what next?

They say that it was some millions of years ago that a creature called Pithecanthropus Erectus came out of the jungles—down from the trees—and started walking on his two hind feet—upright—erect—with his face toward the sun and the stars. But Man didn't evolve very rapidly. For long, we retained most of our animal instincts.

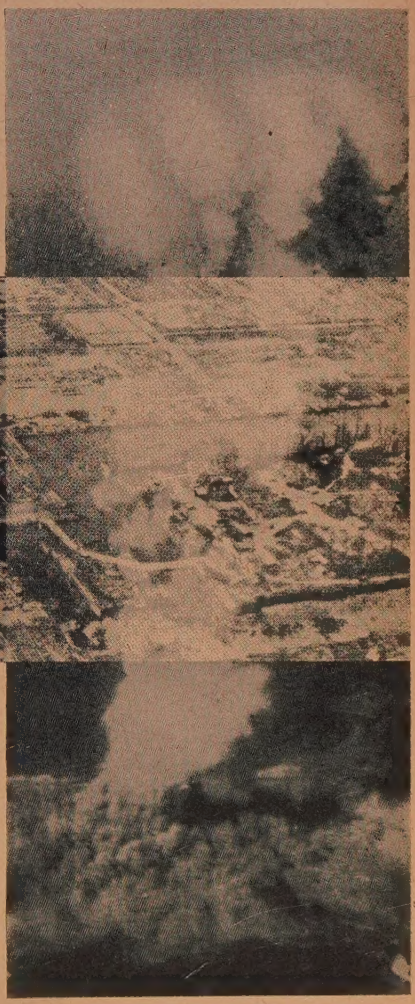
When we were hungry, we killed what was closest at hand for food to keep us alive. We relied on nature to cover our bodies. For long, we climbed back into the trees at night, for safety while we slept. Later, we burrowed into the sides of hills, and became cave dwellers like the bear. When competition for the means of life was severe, we followed our inbred

animal instincts. With stones and with claws we battled all comers for food and shelter.

All life was a battle, for man was a victim of the whims of nature. Storm, drought, flood and fire were his masters. But then, gradually, as slowly as an Ice Age disappears, as slowly as great glaciers move away and leave mountains and valleys, Man began to develop a brain. He still looked little different from the apes in the trees, but the apes had only their instincts to guide them, while Man, inside his head, developed some subtle mechanism which enabled him to think, to reason, to figure things out. Now, when the cold winds blew, he had the sense to take the skins of animals and clothe himself. Now, he captured fire, and became its master. Now, he took tiny seeds, pushed them into the ground and no longer had to kill in order to eat.

Gradually, as slowly as a mountain wears down and becomes a valley, Man began to become the conqueror of nature. The master of his own fate, the captain of his destiny. Instead of carrying burdens on his back, he observed that a round object will roll along with the slightest of urging, and so he invented wheels, and thus took the first step toward conquering space. We aren't sure who it was that first thought of using a wheel for a pulley, but that invention opened the way to the machine age.

Now, the tempo of progress began



Mr. St. John is a well-known commentator of the National Broadcasting Company, and author of the recent novel, "It's Always Tomorrow."

Illustrations from the Field Museum of Natural History and Press Association.

to be accelerated. Man was leaping ahead in great spurts. He was finding out how to conquer disease, how to prolong the span of his life, how to make mechanical gadgets which would relieve him of practically all physical work.

But Man, during these hundreds of years, was so busy with these new toys of his, these chemicals in test tubes, these keys that he'd found to unlock all the secrets of nature, that he didn't have much time to devote to another equally important phase of his existence.

When he lived in the jungle and was called Pithecanthropus Erectus and was just learning to walk on his two hind legs, he followed the rules of the jungle. He would kill a rival for the mate of his choice. He and his fellows would kill a thousand rivals for the carcasses of a few animals.

But as man progressed in the use of that little mechanism inside his head, there developed certain new rules of conduct among humans. Men wrote books and studied human behavior and established what they called laws. Now it was against these laws to kill a rival for the mate of your choice. Of course, as yet no way had been found to discourage it, except for society to kill the man who did kill his rival. But still, a morality was being developed. A code. Man must not kill. But that was just among individuals. It was still all right for groups to kill.

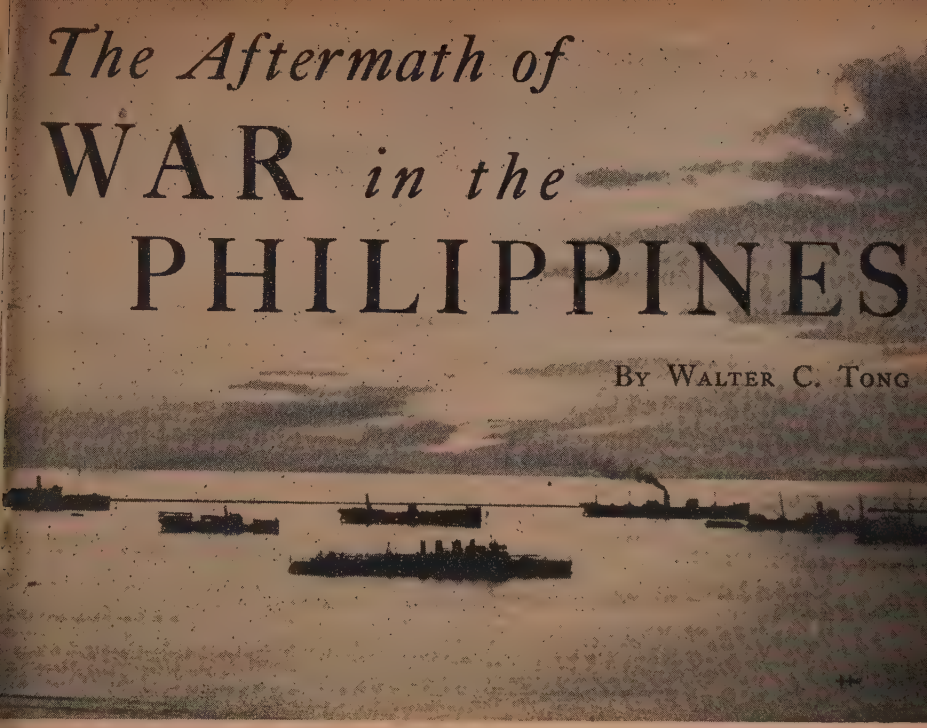
Ways had been found to create abundance. Man was the master of nature. Man could conquer time and space. Man was the master of fire and storm and flood. Man could take chemicals and create food and clothing, dwelling places and items of luxury, enough so that every creature in the world could now be comfortable and happy. But what Man had not discovered, what Man had not taken the time to discover, nor bothered that brain of his about very much was how to distribute these wonders of his own creation among all men, everywhere. Man was too busy inventing things to invent what to do with those things. And he hadn't yet discovered what to do about those of his fellows who wanted to take more than their share and let the others struggle along, on the fringe of the jungle.

And so wars continued to plague the human race. Men continued, like their animal ancestors, to kill in order to get. And with so little reason now, because now there was at least the promise of abundance for all. And because killing continued to be quite an acceptable procedure, as long as it was done by groups and not by individuals, it was deemed necessary to assign men, blessed with the best mechanisms inside their heads, to the task of finding ever more terrible, ever more destructive methods of killing.

And now, men who have labored long years in secret chambers have taken an atom and found a way to make it explode. Man has reached his pinnacle. He has conquered the atom. The atom now is his slave. And what does it mean?

Oh, they say that it could mean opening the gates to a world beyond our feeble imaginations. But at the moment we are emerging from a war. The enemies of civilization must be disarmed and re-educated. And after that? What then, little Man, what then? Who can be trusted with the secret of the atom? Or is it possible that the secret is so terrifying that Man will be forced by his fear into turning away from his test tubes for a mere moment of geological time, long enough to use the little mechanism within his head, in order to take a few more steps away from the jungle, in order to figure out a way to live, a way to make the discoveries of Man available to the whole wide world? I wonder.

The Aftermath of WAR *in the* PHILIPPINES



By Walter C. Tong

December 7, 1941! War in the Pacific! Japanese armies swept out of the north into the nine provinces of the island of Mindanao in the Philippines.

Province by province the island was subdued until at length it lay at the mercy of the conqueror. Churches looted—many completely destroyed. The entire civilian population in bondage to the enemy. American, Filipino and Japanese civilians alike felt the wrath of the Emperor's army.

Until this time the island of Mindanao had been a land of opportunity for the people of the crowded northern islands. Debt-ridden tenant farmers had migrated here to clear the forest and settle the new land. Villages had sprung up during the ten-year period before Pearl Harbor, and public schools increased five-fold in some areas. The Congregational Christian churches had established the United Evangelical Church in much of this area and all four of the Mindanao Conferences were making strides in the programs which they had undertaken. All of this was interrupted by the invasion of the enemy and work was carried on during the following years under the greatest of dangers and difficulties.

Davao, the scene of Moderator Prudencio Bergado's Southern Mindanao Conference, was the first province invaded. All Americans in the town, including the Reverend Frank Cary and myself, were promptly interned. Much of Davao was under Japanese control for three years. The church continued, as best

Mr. Tong went to Baguio, P. I., as a missionary of the American Board in 1931. He was interned there in 1942 and liberated by American forces.
Title picture from Three Lions.

By adopting a project the Philippines and suppo ing our Postwar Emergen Program, you can help rebui our historic work in that are

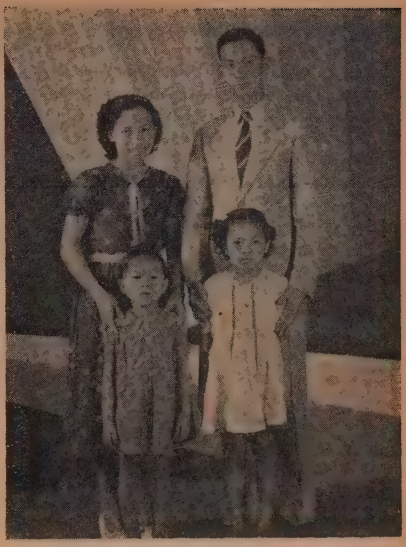
it could, to serve the dejected and subject Filipinos, and Moderator Bergado continued his fine work, even risking Japanese rebuke for visiting and aiding American missionaries.

Many people evacuated towns along the coast and lived in temporary shacks in the hills for the duration. The ministry of the church followed, strengthening the spirit of the harrassed people. Work was continued in various parts of the island in spite of the hardships encountered. Late last year, while the battle of Leyte was raging, a young people's conference was held across the Visayan Sea in the Northern Mindanao Conference. While our navy and air force were blasting the Japanese fleet out of Philippine waters, groups of Filipino youth were hiking through forests knee deep in mud to keep appointments for Christian training institutes in villages close to Japanese garrison towns.

The Congregational Christian churches continued to serve in the field of medicine. Dansalan dispensary was burned early in the war. The Cagayan Hospital equipment was requisitioned by the American army and was moved into the hills, where they hoped to make a stand against the Japanese. Due to the influence of Mr. Cary, who spoke the Japanese language, the Mission Hos-

pital in Davao was allowed to continue under the direction of Dr. Sexon. It served the Filipino population throughout the period of Japanese occupation. For two years Dr. Sexon and her loyal staff served the medical needs of the American internees and did what little was allowed for some of the two thousand American prisoners of war encamped nearby. Even these deeds of charity brought trouble to her from the Japanese military police.

The American forces of liberation turned their attention to Mindanao last March. The succeeding weeks saw heavy bombardment and shellfire, and also the welcome landing of American troops. By July the Japanese were in isolated pockets in the forests and hills. Most of the areas of our church Conferences had been liberated, and we were now at liberty to look upon the cost of the war in terms of human life.



It will take years of hard work and earnest prayer to train church leaders to replace the moderators, pastors and evangelists who were killed by the enemy or died from privation. Among those who perished were two of our Conference moderators. Moderator Bergado and his family were killed in a Japanese massacre when they took to the hills to escape the American pre-invasion bombing. Moderator Sanidad could not survive three years' semi-starvation. The

Philippine churches suffered losses of both property and personnel. Dr. H. C. Brokenshire, opposite page, was lost at sea while serving in the Navy. Moderator Bergado and family, upper right, were massacred by the Japanese while attempting to escape

The Davao Mission Hospital served the Filipino population during enemy occupation

Whenever possible, Davao Hospital served prisoners of war and nearby internees

casualty lists are not yet complete.

Word has been received from Dr. Sexon that much damage was done to the old mission building which the Japanese navy used during the occupation. She reports that they removed the ceiling, partitions and sides, leaving it bare. Some repairs have been made by the Philippine relief agency and it is now being used, although the roof leaks badly. The hospital, with a normal bed capacity of forty-five patients, now cares for 120 patients.

Churches, auxiliary buildings and equipment have been destroyed. The Dansalan station buildings, including the school, three residences, dispensary and the new church were leveled by fire and looters. The Cagayan hospital and church are gone. The large Carruth Memorial dormitory was damaged but is usable as a refugee home at present. The church and the parsonage are gone in both Butuan and Davao. Moderator Masa wrote from Cotabato in July that "all our chapels and churches in our Conference were either bombed or burned." Information is still lacking on the destruction of many outlying churches in three of the Conferences.

This picture of destruction and the need for rebuilding calls us back to Mindanao. My missionary colleagues and I are determined to return as quickly as travel will permit. There is urgent work to do.

We are confident that the members of the Congregational Christian churches of America will quickly extend a helping hand to restore our work which has been destroyed by the war. Tools of the ministry are also needed: Bibles, hymnals and pastor's libraries. Aids to physical and mental health are also desperately needed: good food, vitamins, medicine and clothing.

Hatred and rancor are the inevitable offspring of war and the everlasting enemies of Christian friendship and fellowship. With the help of every one of you in our American churches, we can accomplish the tasks to win the peace.

If your church wants a specific share of work in the Philippine Islands write to James E. Walter, 14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. One hundred and twenty dollars will supplement a local church in the support of an unordained evangelist. Two hundred and forty dollars will provide the total annual salary of an ordained pastor for work in a new area. Four hundred and eighty dollars will provide the annual salary of a moderator who does the same kind of work in the Philippines that a State Conference minister does in the United States. Contribute to reconstruction through our Postwar Emergency Program.

Greater Love Hath No Man . . .

As we remember our dear and holy dead of World War II, let us pay tribute to our five Congregational Christian chaplains who, according to the latest information of this date, have given their lives in the service of our country and their fellowmen.

EARL M. CRIGER

Connecticut

1942

ROLLIN GOODFELLOW

Maine

1942

RAYMOND L. HALL

New Hampshire

1942

E. W. S MACDONALD

Kansas

1943

DIETRICH F. E. RASETZKI

New Hampshire

1944

THE problem of hunger—not shortages of certain kinds of food, such as we feel in the United States; not prospective famine due to the failure of the next crop; but general undernourishment in large areas—hangs over the war devastated areas of the earth like a blight.

The pictures of human skeletons in the horror camps of our enemies have shocked the world. The corpses and near-corpses found by the Allied armies in the hideous charnel houses are the end-product of a system of terror and cruelty that could not be imagined because it is beyond the range of the most diseased imagination.

But there are less spectacular horrors. The prisoners in the enemy camps were deliberately starved to death. And starvation was the least of their tortures. But their dreadful fate should not blot out the plight of millions of innocent people who were not tortured or punished or imprisoned, but who are slowly starving in the liberated countries of China, France, Italy, Holland and Greece. They are suffering because the war was primarily a civilian's war, the most destructive in history, in which not only cities were wiped out but communication routes were cut, fields were shelled and mined, animals were slaughtered and all means of transport were destroyed.

Everywhere our armies went they found people too weak from hunger to eat. The desperateness of the situation is indicated by the latest activity of the RAF, which is now starting a delivery service of famine treatment packs to the worst areas.

Feeding Europe, in fact, is becoming a problem of major proportions. It haunts governments because they realize that the immediate fate of their governments and the future of their countries hang on supplying food to keep the population alive, far more than on the results of charters and formulas. "The people demand peace and freedom," said a sober Dutchman, "but they cry for bread first of all. They can't eat a charter that promises them security tomorrow."

Two problems overshadow all others in translating victory into security. The first is to establish relations with the Soviet Union that will insure that the power of Russia is joined with ours in a partnership of peace. The second is to restore life to Europe by reviving among the peoples of that shaken continent the

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Mrs. McCormick is the well-known writer and columnist of the "New York Times." This report is published by courtesy of the "New York Times." Illustrations from the United Nations Information Office.

sense of continuity, the belief in the future, which they have lost in the darkness and despair of war and captivity.

Perhaps the two problems are different aspects of the same problem. It is foolish to say that feeding Europe is enough to restore the vitality that is essential to a safe and balanced world. But without immediate food for the hungriest, without the outside help necessary to start the first wheels turning, the further tasks of social and political reconstruction cannot begin.

Hunger is a great power, and a destructive power. It can rob us of the fruits of victory as surely as Hitler forced the world into war. It can undermine the foundations on which any peace structure must stand. It is not a matter of philanthropy but of vital national interest to Americans to make our food supply stretch as far as possible. The prospect of peace depends more on food than on any single factor in a balance where nations are only collections of people.

And it is the penalty of power that the United States can no more evade responsibility for what happens than it could have evaded the World War.

Contribute to our

POSTWAR
EMERGENCY
PROGRAM

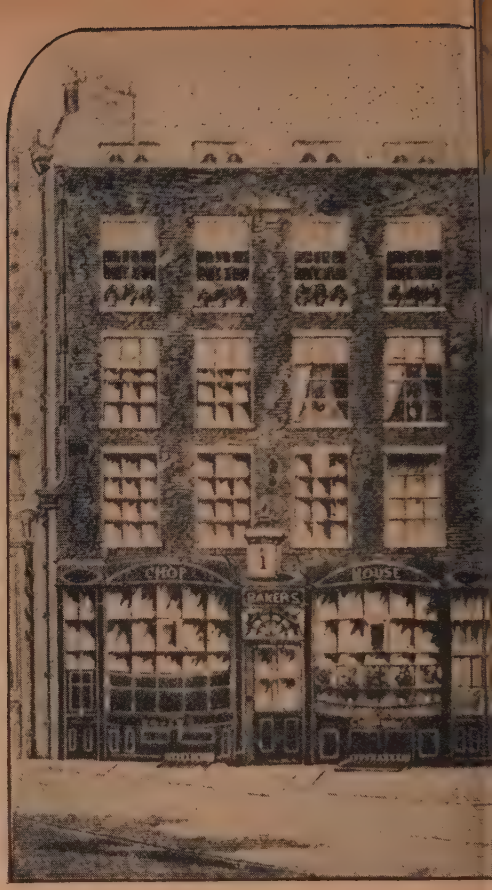
"In His name and for their sake"

Gifts for relief to war victims and reconstruction in war areas should be sent to our Committee for War Victims and Reconstruction, 289 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, New York.

THE TRIPLE JUBILEE

By Cecil Northcott

Being an account of the beginnings and history of the London Missionary Society, forerunner of our American Board for Foreign Missions.



The British Society which sent Livingstone to Africa is this year celebrating its Triple Jubilee. In 1795, forty-five years before Livingstone arrived in Africa, the London Missionary Society sent its first pioneers into the Pacific, thereby bringing a new stream of life and civilization into these areas.

The Protestant missionary enterprise was born in the days of the Napoleonic wars, and it is a significant fact that missions have continued during all of World War II, except for the expulsion of foreign missionaries from Japan.

It was in 1810 that the first great United States society, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions of our Congregational Christian churches, was established in Boston. That was done in consultation with the London Missionary Society, whose plan and constitution were guides in framing the society in the United States.

Britain, the United States, France and the Scandinavian countries have been the chief supporters of Protestant missionary effort. The vital statistics of the whole world Protestant missionary enterprise today are presented in the table on the opposite page.

The nineteenth century period of missionary pioneering produced a number of notable men who were the

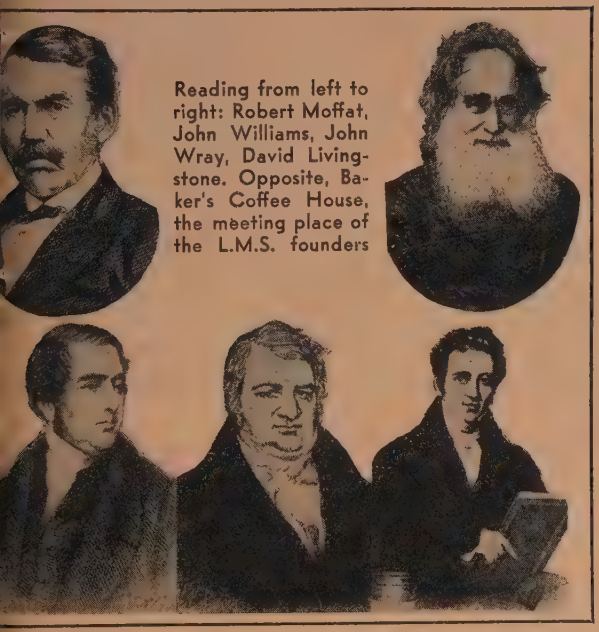
first white settlers in many territories: Robert Moffat of Southern Rhodesia, John Williams of Polynesia, James Chalmers of British New Guinea, John G. Paton of the New Hebrides, and Bishop Patteson of the Solomons. These are only a few of those who were made of the stern stuff of pioneers, and it was fortunate indeed for the peoples of those areas that their first contact with white men should have been through such men as these and many like them.

Early missionaries were first of all road makers, map makers, discoverers and explorers, largely because these accomplishments were necessary before their missionary job could be done. The early systematic study of languages and dialects in colonial areas was also begun by missionaries. In the Pacific and African territories this pioneer work preserved the purity of many languages, and it is remarkable that the early missionary had the skill and patience for language-making. It was mainly the necessity for translating the Scriptures and of being able to converse with the common people in their own tongue which drove him to it.

This contact with the common people has always been a great feature of modern missions, providing a channel for the ventilation of injustices and complaints.

One of the most notable contributions that missions, on both sides of the Atlantic, have made in coöperation is in the life of China. China owes her modern educational system, her medical services and her printing presses mainly to the early

	World	British
Mission stations	6,172	4,075
Foreign staff, incl. doctors and nurses	27,577	16,734
Indigenous staff, incl. doctors and nurses	215,064	156,387
Hospital beds	68,614	31,616
Out-patients and in-patients	8,969,635	3,833,176
Foreign doctors and nurses	2,144	1,199
Indigenous doctors and nurses	4,538	1,361
Schools	56,891	46,865
Pupils	3,263,985	2,920,206



Reading from left to right: Robert Moffat, John Williams, John Wray, David Livingstone. Opposite, Baker's Coffee House, the meeting place of the L.M.S. founders

Dr. Northcott is Home Secretary and Literary Superintendent of the London Missionary Society. In 1944 he made a goodwill tour of the churches in the United States.

The prints of the founders and early missionaries of the Society, Baker's Coffee House and the ship "John Williams" are taken from "The Story of the L.M.S.," by C. Silvester Horne, published in London in 1895; and from "Answered Prayers and Open Doors," a report of the London Missionary Society.

The L.M.S. steamship "John Williams" takes students to schools in the Gilbert Islands

pioneering work of our British and United States missionaries. Some of the most notable work in higher education is still being maintained by the British and American mission societies in the thirteen Christian universities and colleges in China. Most of these institutions were evacuated to West China during the war, and yet today they have an enrolment of 7,500 students.

Dr. King, the Director-General of the National Health Administration of China, has said:

"At this time it is only fitting that warmest thanks and highest tribute be paid to the Christian medical services in all forms for the fundamentally important part they have played, and continue to play, in the development of modern medical practice in China. It is earnestly hoped that these services will not only be continued, but extended, and that the Christian medical colleges will continue to maintain and even to improve the standard of training. Without the fullest possible coöperation and extension of Christian medical services the achievement of the nation's hopes and plans for a comprehensive health service will be very difficult, if not impossible, for a long time to come."

Another outstanding contribution of Christian missions has been the new valuation placed on the position of women and children in community life. (See the article by Roderick Scott on page 22.) Wherever it has gone, Christianity has improved the position of women.

The Gilbert and Ellice Islands colony of the South Pacific, scattered over 2,000,000 square miles of sea, was one of the loneliest and least known parts of the British Empire until the Japanese invaded it. American soldiers were astonished to see on nearly every island a large and well-established church with schools and pastors. Literacy is nearly 100 per cent. In these islands there was a general healthiness of life which owes a great deal to the devoted service of two generations of British and American missionaries.

For over a hundred years the London Missionary Society has maintained its own ship, the "John Williams," in the Pacific. The present ship, and small auxiliary schooner of 226 tons, narrowly escaped Japanese bombs in the Gilbert Islands area. Its captain has been awarded the United States Bronze Star for his help to American forces at Tarawa.

Normally the ship's business is to take hundreds of boys and girls to school in the Gilbert Islands where they go to the great boarding school on the island of Beru. Each child takes his own supply of coconuts to last him while he is at the school, usually for six months. The school has its own printing press, wireless station and handsome church, which was damaged by Japanese bombs.

One of the striking things about the world missionary enterprise is the world strategy which the great missionary societies plan together. The International Missionary Council, with its headquarters in London and in New York, is responsible for this world coördination. No mission today plans its work in isolation, and in the big programs now being planned for the postwar world, there is to be a greater pooling of resources and equipment so that Christian missions may play their part in the building of a new and better day.

By Mabel Garrett Wagner

Today we are pioneers on a new frontier of Christian service to America's uprooted people. It is our newest home mission field, sprung up suddenly during the war and facing us with renewed urgency now that the war is over.

Through the depression many "needy" people served by our home mission centers were underprivileged because of lack of shelter, food and clothing. War workers today have not lacked these, but they do need friendship—Christian neighborliness. They say, "We're lost here; people treat us as aliens. Nobody cares!" Old residents have often resented so many newcomers because the size of the new population strained the capacity of schools, stores and transportation systems. And some good church members raised their eyebrows saying, "Why help those people? They have money!"

True, they had jobs and money; they could buy food and clothes. But money cannot buy friends, happiness and spiritual satisfaction. The need was more emotional; they needed the feeling of belonging or

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CHRISTIANITY WHERE YOU LIVE, by *Kenneth Underwood*. Friendship Press, $1.00. An excellent description of ways n which the church is making Christianity live among sharecroppers, ndustrial migrants, industrial workers nd servicemen.

TRAILER TOWN, by *Mary Brewster Hollister*. Friendship Press, $1.00. A story for children about a family that moved to the crowded Dayton area to live in a trailer.

All these books are also available in paper bindings at sixty cents. They may be ordered from the Pilgrim Press, 14 Beacon Street, Boston 8, Mass.

being rooted in community life, the security of friends and above all, of church life. They were homesick and bewildered.

The great migration is beginning all over again, now that the war is over, as these people start home. But for many thousands, there is no home to which to return. Farms were sold, or homes broken up, when the war plants beckoned with promises of jobs with good pay. These will have to settle elsewhere; they will still be "new residents."

"I never go anywhere except to the store. I don't know anyone. I keep our windows and doors closed and locked all the time—my husband works at night, graveyard shift. I know it's not healthy, but I am skeered," confided one woman living in a new housing project with her baby and three older children. Yet she was an American citizen who had only moved from one state to another. Later when the women's society in the church at the housing project was formed, she participated. In a few weeks, she was transformed. She said, "I'm trying to get my neighbor upstairs to come. Do you know—she never does anything or goes anywhere. Just sits upstairs all day long!"

And so in other housing projects and trailer camps it has been found that the women respond to an informal neighborhood circle or get-together sponsored by the church. "No, we don't know each other. All I do is go to the store—you could meet in my house, if you take charge. I couldn't do that," they often say.

Sometimes the initiative is taken by a church worker, sometimes by understanding lay women from the established churches. There must be no patronizing attitude or feeling of superiority.

Because these trailer towns and emergency housing projects are temporary and erected in such haste, they often lack adequate provisions for the play life of children. This reveals more vividly the need for vacation church schools, Sunday schools and other weekday activities sponsored by the church and other character-building agencies.

Often inconvenient to established churches, these housing projects were placed on the edge of the city where nothing had been before, perhaps on a filled-in swamp or some barren hill, or even in a former city dump. Hence, religious bodies involved in these emergency situations have seen the need to work together interdenominationally to establish religious centers in these new communities. The community building or recreation rooms have been available for Sunday school and worship services. Usually the local council of churches, the ministerial association or a committee of various denominational leaders planned together to serve these newcomers.

Now that the war is over, many of the emergency housing projects will turn into permanent towns, according to the fortunes of reconversion. The need of the people for churches and church life will be all the more acute,

and continued coöperation on the part of established churches nearby is almost more important than ever.

As we study our home mission books this year, we will understand better and better the problems of the uprooted Americans, as well as our opportunity for service to them. In the past, when emergencies arose, about all we could do was to give our offerings to send missionaries to do the work. Now we are asked to give not only our money, but also ourselves in a Christian, friendly way—old-fashioned neighborliness and concern for these strangers within our gates.

Mrs. Wagner is a representative of the Women's Society for Christian Service of the Methodist Church to defense housing areas. She is the author of "Jimmy Moves to Bayview," a story for children published by the Friendship Press.

This is the third in the series of articles on "Uprooted Americans," the 1945–46 home mission study theme.

Fukien University, left, is the alma mater of Dr. Huang, below. On the opposite page are Madame Chiang, with some of the future woman leaders of China, and Chinese girls now studying in American schools

China's Women Leaders

By Roderick Scott

The bitterest critics of missions in the Orient are forced to acknowledge that women's education in China got its start from our Christian girls' schools.

"You wouldn't waste education on a girl; what could a girl do with a book save to keep her strands of embroidery silk in it?" That's old, of course; thousands of girls are now being educated in and out of Christian schools. But it still remains that women's leadership in the Orient in all walks of life is primarily that of Christian women. A certain Chinese philanthropist wanted to start a large industrial high school in his native town; he had his agents comb the district for qualified women teachers. When assembled, all were discovered to be Christian.

For example, Huang Siu Chi is about to step into one of the biggest positions open to women within the Christian enterprise, that of National Student Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association of China. Her preparation for this office has gone on continuously for twenty years with a good balance of book learning and practical experience.

A graduate of the Girls' School of the London Missionary Society in Chungchow where she took an active part in religious activities, she came to Fukien Christian University in 1932. Here her capacity for leadership began to display itself; she was president of the Student Christian Association; a member of the student government; a member of the glee

club. She majored in English and philosophy—and philosophy is indispensable to the leadership of Christianity among the intelligentsia of China today. Speaking of what she had received at our Christian college, she wrote, "My college has taught me how to live, whom to live like and why to live." In this statement Dr. Huang echoed the cry of the students of China, bewildered by the confusing cross-currents of the modern world, "What is the meaning of life?" But she had found the answer in the service of Christ.

From graduation at Fukien, Miss Huang stepped immediately into student Christian work; she made quite a name for herself in Wuchang before its fall in 1938 and later, in Chungking, she was able in public gatherings to answer the heckling of atheist students through her carefully reasoned arguments.

Then came the opportunity to go to America to study. She enrolled first in Crozer Theological Seminary at Chester, Pennsylvania; then she went to the University of Michigan. But there the philosophic authorities were unfriendly to the idea of a thesis which might express her religious or idealistic convictions in some way. So she went to Philadelphia where she obtained her degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Pennsylvania, writing on the life and works of an important Chinese idealist of the fourteenth century. During all her American studies she lived close to the church and to Christian work, taking an active part and once being president of the Chinese Christian Association of America.

It has been the dream and the aim of the missionary enterprise that some day the nationals would take over both the management and the energizing of their own Christian movement; in the person of Dr. Huang that time has fully come for Chinese Christianity.

Dr. Scott was appointed professor of philosophy in Fukien Christian University in 1916 by our American Board for Foreign Missions.

Photograph of Dr. Huang by Pach Brothers. Pictures on page 23 from Paul Guillumette and International House, New York.

By
Carl
Heath
Kopf

THANKS *in the* MORNING!

THIS year of our Lord, 1945, finds us giving thanks in the morning of a new day. For long years, whatever thanksgiving we could muster, was "Thanksgiving at Midnight." Now "I will sing of thy mercy in the morning."

After the darkness of the night of war, our morning of peace is all the more cause for profoundly fervent thanks. The whole earth will sing for joy and be glad beyond the measure of song or prayer. Never had the world been so dark! Never has the morning seemed so blessedly welcome!

There are four clear causes for the thanks we offer unto God this year.

Peace. Not perfect peace, but approximate and possible peace. Not the noonday of peace, but the morning of peace. The Christians of America should be the first to sense that peace is not merely the absence of open warfare; it is constructive and healing friendship that overreaches the destruction of war.

We shall need to work as hard for peace as we did for war. We shall have to sacrifice as much for peace as we did for war. Peace will need creative imagination and control of scientific instruments. Peace will not last without a sense of care for our fellow nations with their cultural and economic needs. And the peace for which we give thanks is not guaranteed to last. It is decidedly brittle; it needs to be handled with care or it will break into atomic bomb

warfare too horrible for civilization to withstand. Will the morning of our peace reach noonday without dying from the heat of indolence and neglect? Christian America can give a large share of the answer to this question. Give thanks for peace.

Plenty. The harvest has been plenteous, and the laborers few, but not too few to garner the grain, preserve the fruit and bring the stores into the barns, full to bursting. Nobody need starve in America, if we share the bounty. Nobody need starve in Europe, India, China or any corner of the earth if every portion of excess food is swiftly taken to the place of hunger by our mercy and kindness. Give thanks for plenty.

Pardon. Have we ever needed the pardon of God so much, for ourselves and for each other, person for person and nation for nation? Let us thank God for pardoning our sins through Jesus Christ our Lord. Thank God for pardoning us, if He will, the sins which are inevitably committed in the throes of war: the misunderstandings, the death by bombing, the enmity. Thank God for his pardon for Germany and Japan, for they need God's pardon, as do we all. Thank God for pardon of our personal sins; our indolence, pride, lust, fear, pardoned only if we are penitent, and willing to forsake our sins. Thank God for pardon.

Power. Thank God for the power of faith in a world of fear. Be thankful for the power of love in a time of hate. Thank God for the power of healing in times of illness. Thank God for the power of science and pray that it may be used for constructive ends rather than destructive. Thank God for the power of America but pray that our power may be tempered by mercy. Thank God for the power of nature, often transmuted into electrical power for doing the work of mankind. May the leisure so gained be used wisely. Thank God for the power of Christ to save us from sin and lead us into the life everlasting. Thank God for power.

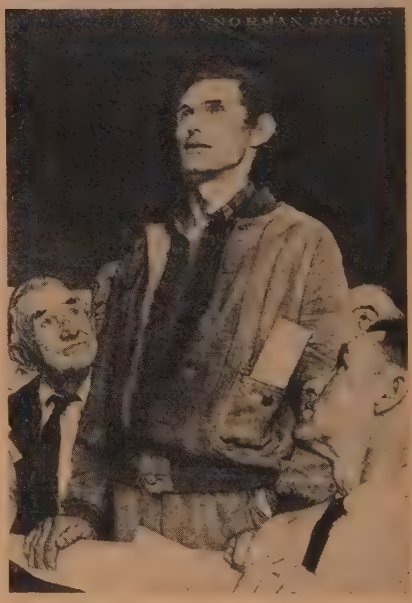
At this time, our Congregational Christian churches are embarked upon a Postwar Emergency Program of relief, rebuilding, reconciliation,

and the strengthening of our churches at home and abroad in spiritual quality and in physical equipment for their enlarged postwar opportunities. This is probably our most significant denominational project in years. "This Postwar Emergency Program is the answer to our Fellowship to people yearning to do something practical in the present world situation. Every impulse to express thanksgiving, to make a telling sacrificial gift, to fulfill a vow of dedication to a world order wherein peace can live finds here a channel for immediate and effective Christian action."

Therefore, it is requested that the Thanksgiving offering in our churches this year be used to bring our ministry to others to the full strength of its present goal, and then to launch out beyond that into the Postwar Emergency Program, "In His name and for their sake."

Through this offering we have the chance to express our thanks to God for the blessings of peace, plenty, pardon and power which have been showered upon us, and to show forth our compassion for all in the world who have suffered pain and loss because of war. Through it, we may redeem a part—a very small part—of the neglect and selfishness of which we have been guilty. By giving generously at this time of Thanksgiving, we earn once again the opportunity to look toward a bright noonday of peace in the world.

"I will sing of thy mercy in the morning."



Dr. Kopf is minister of our Mount Vernon Church in Boston. He is the author of the Service of Thanksgiving for 1945, prepared for use in Congregational Christian churches. It can be secured from our Missions Council, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

The illustrations are the famous series of paintings by Rockwell Kent, prepared on the subject of the Four Freedoms for distribution by the United States Department of the Treasury.

Young Leader for Africa

By John A. Reuling

Adams College, Currie Institute for Boys, Means School for Girls, Inanda Seminary, Jan Hoffmeyer School for Social Service, Mt. Silinda Institute: these are names to conjure with, for they are the institutions in the three Africa Missions of our Congregational Christian churches. They are training the African young people of today for places of leadership among their own people tomorrow.

Consider, for instance, our mission among the Ovimbundu, in West Central Africa. Begun only sixty-five years ago, it now numbers nearly 17,000 active church members and is a tremendous force among the half million people of that area. And who cares for these thousands of church members and the other thousands on the fringes? The missionaries? They carry their share, and more, but when it is realized that there are now only eleven missionaries on the field, it will be seen how impossible it would be for this small group to care for the medical, educational, industrial, agricultural, homemaking and spiritual needs of such a tremendous number of people. Without the African pastors, evangelists, teachers, builders, medical assistants and fathers and mothers who by the hundreds have received their training in our Christian institutions, the work of the missionaries would be at a standstill.

Or take the case of Mt. Silinda Institute, in our East Africa Mission. It helps solve the problem of homemaking, common to all the areas served by our African missions. The

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These books are available from the Pilgrim Press, 14 Beacon Street, Boston 8, Mass.

modern African is crowded into a small space. To live healthfully he must build a different sort of house from that his father built, fit it differently and be able to make better use of the soil. Mt. Silinda's carpentry courses, the only ones of their kind in the entire country, train skilled workmen who, on graduation, go out to help solve the housing problems of Africa.

The demonstration farm at Mt. Silinda and the excellent work of the teachers and farm demonstrators have contributed to the better life of the people in a similar manner. Graduates of the Institute scatter far and wide over the colony, carrying their learning into the most remote regions in a way that would be impossible for the missionaries, even though their numbers were multiplied tenfold. The government has recognized the value of this work by establishing a training school for farm demonstrators where Mt. Silinda graduates receive special training.

Unless Christians are active in contemporary civilization their faith and belief can have but little effect upon it. Hence one of the first tasks undertaken by the early missionaries was to teach the people to read and write. As time went on and their needs increased, the educational program widened its scope and became more complex. At first all instruction was given by the missionaries. Today, of all the thousands of Bantu children and young people in our schools in Natal, South Africa, not one is being taught by a missionary or a white teacher. The primary and secondary schools are fully staffed by trained, certificated Bantu teachers. Even on the high school and college levels about half the teachers and instructors are Bantu.

Adams College is the oldest educational institution of the American Board in Africa. Begun as a primary school in the earliest days of the Mission, it is now one of the most advanced schools for Africans anywhere in southern Africa. A major responsibility of the college is the training of teachers, not only for Natal, but also for the other three provinces of the Union of South Africa. Adams graduates now hold responsible positions as government supervisors of education, headmasters of large secondary schools and specialist teachers in the various schools and colleges of South Africa.

Inanda Seminary for girls, also in Natal, provides homemaking and academic training for girls and has done much to raise the standard of womanhood and the respect in which women are held within the area served by our South Africa Mission. As the women of South Africa came more and more into their own, it provided the necessary preliminary training for those wanting to become

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Dr. Reuling is the former president of Northland College, in Wisconsin. He was recently elected a secretary in the Foreign Department of our American Board for Foreign Missions.

This is the third in the series of articles on "Africa," the 1945–46 foreign mission study theme.

nurses, teachers, home demonstrators, or members of any other professions requiring a high standard of training. It has always stressed the Christian home as the basis of any development of the African people.

The Jan Hoffmeyer School for Social Work in Johannesburg is the newest training school for Africans. It was conceived and planned by one of our missionaries and founded and supported by South African funds. It provides trained leadership for solving the problems of the great industrial cities of South Africa which have grown up during the past fifty years.

Most of these schools and colleges carry on not only their particular specialized activities, but also a wide variety of other functions. Generally speaking, all schools of our missions are concerned with every activity that will raise the level of African life.

Although they are not listed as training schools or colleges, our hospitals deserve a special word. Besides the direct ministry of healing, they all train nurses, midwives and medical assistants who not only do much to relieve pain and suffering among the people, but also help materially to lift the scales of ignorance, fear and superstition from the eyes of their countrymen.

Capable, competent Africans serving as teachers, pastors, court interpreters, nurses, medical aids and agricultural demonstrators are today leading their people onward to a fuller participation in the family life of the world. They are a living testimony to the wisdom and foresight of the missionaries who initiated training programs so that those people could help themselves. The task of the missionaries is not yet done, but it becomes more and more one of training leaders and of providing guidance and counsel to our sister churches in Africa. The present-day missonary is proud to call his African associate "colleague."

The agriculture class at Currie Institute, Dondi, West Africa, takes to the fields! The teachers demonstrate new methods; the students learn by practical experience

Gracious METHODS *Beget* RESULTS

By Elizabeth H. and Donald H. Frazier

There are gracious ways in which congregational churches may conduct their affairs.

Irrespective, however, of the merits of a system for managing affairs, few churches live as graciously as their chosen system makes possible. Personal attitudes and actions, particular system lovers and haters to the contrary notwithstanding, still give to the world the bulk of its joys and occasion the larger mass of its anger and gloom.

The concern, therefore, for clean-cut, gracious dispatch of a Congregational Christian church's business is not merely a matter of abiding by Burton's out-of-print *Manual.* It has to do chiefly with the qualities of Christian spirituality which church members possess.

Actions are like words in that they have meaning. Meaning is revealed in the way an act is performed and in the light of an act's context. Actions talk, the actions of churches no less than those of individuals or governments. What do your church acts say in your behalf and in behalf of your God?

Elizabeth and Donald Frazier were formerly associated with our church in Shelton, Connecticut, and are now with the Union Church, Proctor, Vermont.

This is the third in a series of articles by these joint authors on "How Our Churches Live."

A case in point is the process by which a church secures a new pastor. For fumbling, unintelligible, ungracious procedure the reader may consult his own experience or look about the church neighborhood. It is not our purpose to embarrass any particular church for reasons which apply to many.

On the side of gracious, sane, clean-cut procedure we survey the experience of our Congregational Christian church in Springfield, Vermont.

First, the church acts. A church meeting is called to accept the pastor's resignation; a small trustworthy committee is appointed to provide for the spiritual services of the church during pastorless weeks and to recommend a new pastor to the church. The timing of this act is gracious. It stands as a compliment to the resigned pastor; it gives confidence to the church membership and to the community at large.

To behold a church moving ahead under its own direction indicates to a pastor that his leadership has

Our Springfield, Vermont, church is an outstanding example of gracious colonial architecture. Chancel and altar, below, are in harmony with the exterior, on opposite page

not fostered a spirit of defeat but rather one of victory in the making. Further, a church moving into fields where the pastor cannot properly lead even though he is on hand, is indicative of the respect in which he is held. There are churches which grimly or sentimentally refuse to set about finding a new pastor until the present one is "out of the way."

Members of the church are heartened by the immediate concern for securing a new leader. Those who make up the ever loyal core receive the thrill of putting shoulders to the wheel when the grade has suddenly steepened. Members who are farther out toward the fringes of the church's life are led to believe that the church is not going to drift; that they themselves will not be forgotten; that soon a new leader will be developing a program of worth. Even the community at large receives a certain lift from the knowledge that its servant-leader, the church, knows what it is about and blows no uncertain trumpet.

The time to set about finding a new pastor is at the time when a church accepts the resignation of its present pastor.

Second, the pastoral committee acts. The Springfield pulpit committee was assigned two tasks: to provide pastoral services for the interim and to recommend a new minister to the church. (Many churches divide these tasks between two committees.) To free itself from a harried existence while trying to fulfill the second and longer range assignment, the committee first made thorough arrangements for the interim.

At the same time it sought the names and qualifications of possible ministers from the State Conference office, the Board of Pastoral Supply in Boston, from national and foreign board officials known to the congregation, and from friendly qualified laymen and ministers. By the time twenty-four names were before the committee, nominations, as it were, were closed. Further communication with the Board of Pastoral Supply, the State Superintendent and other individuals qualified to judge, brought to the committee a sheaf of formal information together with less formal expressions of opinion about the ministries of the nominees. Then sitting down quietly to match the requirements of the local situation with the formal qualifications of prospective ministers, the committee completely rejected all but seven men.

Perhaps the most important thing to be observed is that the committee did not allow itself to be swamped with the names of candidates. Nothing is more distressing than to behold a church pastoral committee which lacks the self-control that enables it to act. Fumbling indecision creates an atmosphere in which complaint, rumor, charge and countercharge breed rapidly. Seventy is not an unheard-of number of pastoral candidates. In such cases no single prospect is given a fair hearing and many sister churches are caused to feel insecure in their relations with their pastors.

Having found seven men whose formal record seemed to match the challenge of the Springfield parish, the committee did not pick and choose among them, but called the first man who seemed likely to please the whole church. It was the committee's belief that any one of the seven was technically qualified as an excellent pastor. The deciding factor was to be personal contact between pulpit and pew, between man and men, family and families. Thus, having heard three preach they removed them from further consideration, and rested their search when the fourth man proved quite acceptable. They looked no further.

The Springfield church was not bargain hunting. When the committee approached the man of its

The rooms in which the church lives its social and business life are furnished graciously, thus providing surroundings conducive to pleasant personal relationships and cooperation

choice, clear explanations of all relevant matters were laid before him. Among other things it was revealed that the church planned to pay all the moving expenses and annuity dues of its pastor. These are gracious practices which are properly becoming more common in our Fellowship. Further, the desire was expressed to have the minister preach in the Springfield church before the church voted to accept the committee's recommendation. This was agreeably arranged.

Finally, the church voted acceptance of the committee's recommendation, discharged its committee and set about preparing for a reinvigorated life.

When a new pastor arrives in a community his church usually holds a simple, heartwarming reception. Too few, however, warm his working spirit by having ready the tools of his parish work: complete, up-to-date parish lists; a person whose responsibility it is to advise him about the parish shut-ins, and about prospective members; scrapbooks and other records of parish life that will help him get under way without clashing the gears. Here again Springfield adopted gracious practices.

In secular language the Springfield church was efficient. So quickly and smoothly did it do its work that the church had no time to slip into the chaos which develops during a long vacancy. Efficiency in Christian living, using Christian means in Christian affairs, is graciousness.

Graciousness is not easily reserved for one area of life. Being an inner quality, a quality of character, it breaks out and shows itself in almost everything that is done. It is not surprising, therefore, that Springfield's parish fellowship, its fellowship with churches of the Vermont Conference, its benevolence program and its community outreach have been characterized by graciousness.

IT is with a profound sense of relief and gratitude that I, as a Japanese Christian, face once more with positive faith and renewed hope the all-important problem of active Christian programs for Japan.

Now that the tragic war is over, Japanese Christians may look forward to the active sharing with American Christians of the standing burdens of Christianizing this pagan world of ours. I do not for a moment minimize the great difficulties created by the war. But for Christians great difficulties mean great opportunities. Down through past ages, Christians have faced both the dangers of war and the temptations of peace and have survived both. We of this historic age can certainly discipline ourselves to meet the challenge of the present crisis of peace in a world which still trusts in the false security of the atomic bomb.

Throughout these years of war I have retained certain basic assumptions concerning the church and the Christians of Japan. I have never once doubted the survival of Christian faith there, regardless of the outcome of the war. Christianity is rooted too deeply in the spiritual soil of the nation to suffer a premature death. The Church of Christ in Japan, though crippled and chastised by the war, is an on-going church. It now presents a united front to the world; it has achieved its long-dreamed-of organic union of all the Protestant denominations into one Christian fellowship.

This survival of the Christian churches in Japan means one thing; the survival of the Christians. To be sure, they were befuddled, divided, tempted, suspected, threatened.

Dr. Yuasa, inset, was formerly president of Doshisha University, Japan.

The title illustration is the campus of Tokyo Woman's Christian College, established cooperatively by seven denominations.

They were isolated, disillusioned and even embittered. Yet because of this long trial, they are emerging sobered, humbled and penitent. I shall not be surprised if the tragedy of the war has deepened their faith and strengthened their hope.

The survival of the Christians means also the survival of Christian homes. In my estimation, this survival is the most potent factor in the rise of a new Japan from the ruins of the war. In this connection the place and role of Christian women in Japan cannot be overemphasized. Beginning with the immediate tasks of relief and rehabilitation, they should be given increasingly larger shares of responsibility. I place an almost unconditional confidence in their native ability and wisdom.

The Christian educational institutions of Japan, although they suffered much under wartime restriction, disruption, imposition and depletion, are now free to carry on genuinely educational functions with a more distinct Christian emphasis. It cannot be doubted that all Christian social service agencies are severely pressed for expanded programs of effective service. Their human and material resources are totally inadequate to confront the unprecedented needs. But they possess a firm Christian foundation on which a constructive, postwar program of service may be built.

Therefore, I am happy to learn of the postwar program of our Congregational Christian Fellowship, and others, to re-establish, as soon as possible, face-to-face contact with Japanese Christians, to strengthen the bonds of our spiritual unity in Christ, and to take counsel regarding the common tasks of the world-wide church. Success to our Postwar Emergency Program!

9,000 MILES TO ENLIST!

By Mary M. Lago

Lt. Orner with his sister, Helen, a sergeant in the Chikore Women's Military Police

Back in 1942 were the dark days of the war in the Atlantic, when scarcely a day went by that the newspapers did not carry some story about a ship being torpedoed, or the survivors of an earlier disaster being picked up from a lifeboat, cold and hungry.

One of those lifeboats tossed about for forty hours on the South Atlantic. In it was George M. Orner, the son of Arthur J. Orner, Congregational Christian missionary of Chikore, South Africa. George was on the last lap of a 9,000-mile journey to enlist in the United States Navy Air Corps.

George Orner, like so many missionaries' children, was born and grew up in the land of his parents' adoption; in his case it was Chikore, South Africa. He was educated there. When war came, he wanted to do his part, but enlisting in the RAF meant giving up his American citizenship. There was nothing for it but to enlist in America.

When that German U-boat put two torpedoes into George Orner's ship and sank it, it plunged him not only into the chilly Atlantic, but also into a welter of red tape. His identification as an American citizen, his scholastic records and all the rest of his personal papers went to the bottom. Anyone who has had the slightest contact with official red tape knows that it was no simple matter to enlist in the Navy under such a handicap. But being a determined young man, he stuck to it and finally convinced the Navy that he really *was* George Orner!

It was not long until this quiet young man with the dark brown eyes and the South Rhodesian accent was wearing a pair of golden wings. He was trained in New England, Texas and Florida. Presently he was Lt. (j.g.) George Orner, a qualified combat pilot assigned to the South Pacific.

His service there was strenuous, but he passes it over lightly. Only after much questioning, persuasion and downright prying can one get a suggestion of the dangers and escapes he experienced. George was never very talkative!

One day in January, 1945, the Orner family received a letter from George from "somewhere in the Pacific." The next day there came a telegram from Salisbury, South Rhodesia, to say that George would be with them in person, two days later, to spend a month's leave.

This seeming miracle came about

Mrs. Lago is a member of the "Herald" staff

when George's carrier reached the Pacific coast of the United States with a load of battle-weary soldiers who were on brief leaves. His superior officers discovered that he had been away from home for three years and that his family lived in Rhodesia; they were very sympathetic. They could not authorize his return to Africa, but they could and did ship him right on to Washington, D. C. headquarters. Here again his story was heard sympathetically. The next thing Lt. Orner knew, he was transferred to an African base and was flying across the Atlantic. Reaching Africa three days later, he discovered that his leave was to begin as of the date on which he reached Southern Rhodesia!

He caught rides on south-bound planes, all the way from French Morocco to Rhodesia. When his furlough was over he was assigned for a time to an African base where he instructed bomber crews in the tactics of fighter planes so that they could protect themselves in action. Then he was given a new assignment —destination unknown.

Lt. Orner's trip back to Africa took three weeks, a length of time which made many a missionary sigh, for it took the William Webbs, new workers for our school at Mt. Silinda, three months of travel, on a five-masted sailing vessel carrying flour, to reach Africa. Yet it is encouraging to know that it can be done in a short time and that once the ways are open, reinforcements will go to a sadly depleted field of mission work.

The Orner sisters—Dorothy, Helen and Betty—at their home in Southern Rhodesia

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Our American Board for Foreign Missions announces through its treasurer, Harold B. Belcher, the closing of its fiscal year with total receipts of $1,130,096.43, an increase of ten per cent over last year.

From the 5,800 Congregational Christian churches which our American Board represents in its overseas service there was received $578,092.07, which is $87,932.54 more than last year, or an increase of seventeen and eight-tenths per cent. Over 2,500 individual donors gave $100,859.84, most of which came in response to the annual summer appeal of the Board. This is a nine and six-tenths increase over last year. Receipts from legacies and matured Conditional Gifts were $211,706.11, also an increase. Income from funds on hand and from miscellaneous sources was $239,438.41.

"Increased costs of the support of both missionaries and national workers raised the total expenditures to $1,112,969.58 which includes $25,000 deferred charge for travel expenses of new missionaries. In addition to meeting the budgeted appropriations it was possible for the American Board to provide for emergency needs amounting to $44,648.65," says Mr. Belcher.

Helping Through Prayer

Thanksgiving Day, 1945, is just around the corner. And what a day it should be! The first Thanksgiving Day in years without the sound of arms in many parts of the globe. Will we know how to use it humbly, worthily, reverently?

Thanksgiving is a part of every honest prayer. Those who have lost loved ones in the violence of the war or whose homes or other possessions have been destroyed in one way or another may wonder how that can be true. The answer is a deeper understanding of the Christian way of life and thought of God and the vista of the future which faith in Him opens to us. I must refer to a passage from the writings of Dean Charles Reynolds Brown which has meant much to me and to many another through the passing years. Turn to his book entitled "The Art of Preaching," pages 127 and 128, and read the four wonderful paragraphs beginning "We make too much of death. We do not dwell enough on the soul and its ongoing might."

We will thank God for the peace but as Christians we will not be able to free ourselves from the sense of deep concern lest the world not know what to do with it. Bernard Shaw says, apropos the atomic bomb, that "like the sorcerer's apprentice, we may practice our magic without knowing how to stop it, thus fulfilling the prophecy of Prospero," while H. G. Wells adds, "Even now, for all we can tell, the coming terror may be crouching for its spring. In the case of every other predominant animal the world has ever seen, the hour of its complete ascendancy has been the eve of its entire overthrow." These godless men have a godly warning for us.

What can the individual Christian, eager to make his life count for a just and durable peace do, then, in the midst of this concern? That is not easy for one person to tell another. In a democracy there are many hopeful and helpful things for each one to do but beneath them all, before them all, there is one and only one appropriate attitude: listening to the voice of God. Unless humanity can learn some of the major lessons that prayer teaches us, there is truly little hope. If by the grace of God we can together learn how to walk in His ways, striving to bring every thought and every invention and discovery into captivity to Him, we shall walk without fear, work without discouragement and rejoice in the Lord.

LET US PRAY

Our Heavenly Father, in this momentous hour of history some of us are stricken dumb with amazement, some of us are overwhelmed with sorrow and fear, some of us are wistfully waiting for Thy guidance, all of us are in deep need of Thy Spirit.

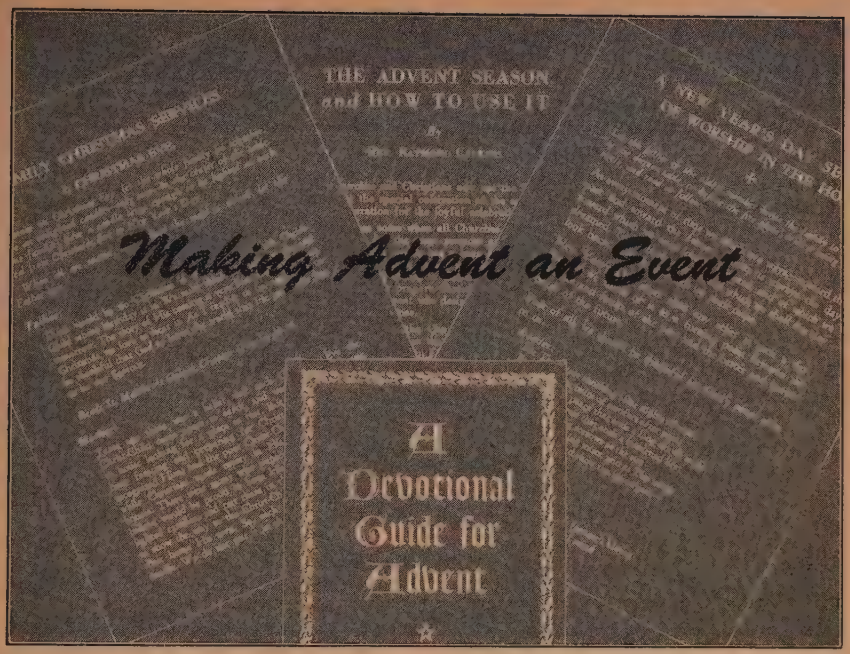
We give Thee thanks for the promise of peace. Teach all men how to live as citizens of a world dedicated to peace and righteousness.

We give Thee thanks for the beauty and fruitfulness of nature. Teach all men how to use earthly resources for the highest purposes.

We give Thee thanks for the fellowship of all men who are finding in Christ the way, the truth and the life, and for Thy servants in every land who by word and deed are making Christ known.

Thy will be done on earth, O God, as it is in Heaven. Amen.

Fred Field Goodsell



By Wofford C. Timmons

SURELY the coming of Christ to our world was the greatest event that ever happened. And the glorious truth we have to proclaim is that this "advent" into human life may be re-lived in 1945. Our world seems to be more ready this year to enter into the true meaning of this holy season, not alone because the boys are coming home, but because of Christmas itself, the very spirit of the world re-born.

To make the most of this blessed season, in our homes and churches, and in our own hearts, there are many things we may do. Of course, every church will be "Christmasy" in its mood, with all those dear accustomed associations of song and light and pageantry. But before the beautiful day comes and the festive spirit is in the air, something of guidance should be suggested in keeping with the great and eternal significance of this holy time.

The little booklet, "A Devotional Guide for Advent," may be just what our Christian homes are looking for, if only our pastors will make it known to them and put it within their reach. And since Christmas is so much the festival of childhood, something for thoughtful worship in the family circle, like the "Family Christmas Service," may turn the holiday into a holy-day.

Everywhere in the Christian world, that part of our world that dates itself from the coming of Christ, there is a new ring to the old bells, a new song of hope and expectation. How we use this Advent may set the tone of the world's song.

Dr. Timmons, former minister of our South Congregational Church, New Britain, Conn., is the Executive of our Commission on Evangelism and Devotional Life.

The Unit Plan Sells Itself

Mrs. H. O. Allen, now a widow, shared fifty years of Christian service with her husband.

By Harry B. Gordon

It has been a revelation to me to see the enthusiasm with which laymen respond to the appeal of the Unit Plan.

In my own church, for example, Mr. A. had been sending a check once a year for the Christmas Fund. In my own study one morning I mentioned that some were underwriting full units of $100 for our aged ministers. He was glad for the chance to participate on a larger scale and wrote the check then and there.

Mr. B. and I were playing golf and were rained out on the fairway of the fifth hole. We sought the shelter house to wait out the storm. Our conversation came around to men, money and causes. So I told him about the need and opportunity to make more secure the sunset years of our Veterans of the Cross. His check for $100 was in the next mail.

A few days later I stopped in at the downtown office of Mr. C. In the course of our conversation I asked him if he would like to hear about some old ministers and their wives—their widows, in some cases—who are forced to live their last years on a very small stipend. He said he would. I told him as frankly as I know how, how lay and clergy alike may help make easier the declining years of these who have given so much in Christian service. Mr. C. thanked me and asked to whom he should make the check payable.

Mr. D. had given me a check for $100 with the instructions to use it as I felt was most useful in some Christian service. When I told him, in a letter and in full detail, that his check had gone to the Unit Plan, he was completely satisfied.

Another unit, from another state, from one on whose heart rests the obligation we have for our Veterans of the Cross, brings the total to $500 received in two weeks for the grand work of the Unit Plan.

In each case, the merits of the Unit Plan were merely presented to these men. The idea is such a splendid one, the cause so worthy, that one merely has to get the laymen and the idea together. The rest takes care of itself. And what an unbounded joy it is to watch those who care help to provide for the last years of those who have served!

Mr. Gordon is minister of our First Congregational Church in Sheridan, Wyoming, and Chairman of the Unit Plan in that state.

HOW TO CONDUCT A SUCCESSFUL EVERY MEMBER CANVASS

By Warren H. Denison

The Every Member Canvass is a policy rather than a campaign; a plan of progressive education of the entire congregation in the use of its possessions in Christian service.

The key to the matter is Christian motivation. Two boys explained the difference between a motorman and a conductor on a streetcar, saying, "The conductor handles the change and the motorman changes the handle." Too long the church has been content with "handling the change" without changing the motivation. A rightly conducted canvass changes the motivation of church support.

The Every Member Canvass gives the men of the church a definite task, thus weaving them into the fabric of the church's life. When it is properly prepared for and rightly conducted the men invariably return rejoicing. They actually find it a real pleasure, as well as a personal blessing.

Whenever laymen regard the E.M.C. with dread, it is almost invariably due to one or more of the following causes:

First, lack of thorough training of the men canvassers. Often the so-called training consists of merely a "pep" meeting at which the family cards are chosen by the teams and the men choose their own teammates.

Second, failure to see and accept the primary objective. The men go

Dr. Denison is a well-known authority on Every Member Canvass methods.

Success follows a balance of responsibility

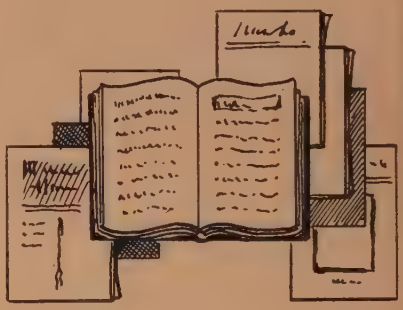
merely as in a secular campaign to "raise" a budget, not concerned whether the subscriptions are family subscriptions, lump sums, cash gifts, group subscriptions or personal ones, so long as they secure the budget.

Third, failure to accept their commission in the right spirit. The men go out into the parish homes with a feeling of dread, with a sense of obligation, or with a feeling of compulsion rather than of a rare privilege for service, for new friendships or for church solidarity.

Fourth, failure to follow through and fully complete the canvass, to see every prospect and know the results of the canvass.

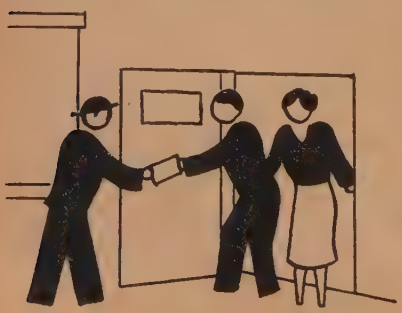
I have outlined fully in a brochure published by the Missions Council a program for the canvass Sunday, tested from every angle, which will help to change the attitude of men who approach the canvass with dread. This canvass Sunday schedule is not a substitute for the stewardship preparation of the congregation nor the thorough training of the canvassers, but it is a fitting climax to a properly-conducted financial canvass.

The canvass Sunday program opens with a stewardship story told to the church school, followed by an explanation of the mission of the two men who will visit the homes of the students that afternoon. At the morning worship service the minister preaches a scriptural stewardship sermon and closes with the commissioning of the canvassers to their task as they stand before the altar.



Canvass literature should explain its aims

The canvasser is a messenger of your church



After the service of worship, a modest meal is served to all the canvassers, when final explanations and adjustments in the plans may be made. Then gathering in the sanctuary, the canvassers make their own subscriptions and their cards are passed to the team holding the canvasser's family pledge card. This is an every-family visitation, and the canvasser's family is not denied an official visit.

At about two o'clock the canvassers are off in high spirits. About eight

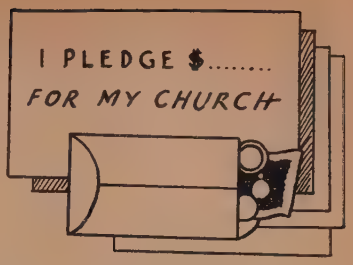
in the evening they return for a report meeting, often bringing their wives with them. Tabulations are made and the results are known only to the committee chairman until the report is read. The canvassers exchange experiences: What kind of time did *you* have? Any increased subscriptions, prospective church members, new pupils for Sunday school? Any sick church members, any sacrificial givers, any disgruntled members?

At the close of the meeting the chairman makes his report and the canvassers are instructed to complete promptly any unfinished calls. A social hour follows, and many a men's brotherhood has been formed during such a gathering. Also, many a canvasser has been heard to say, "I said

Be up-to-date: use radio and news publicity

I would never be a canvasser, but I had a fine time and would not have missed it for anything!"

In planning an E.M.C., churches should bear in mind the possibility of joining with the other churches of the community in a United Church Canvass. In such a plan, each church conducts its own individual campaign as usual, but unites with a community committee to present a general appeal for the total religious program of the community, using radio, newspapers and other publicity channels. The dates for the current campaign are November 18



Pledges are best kept through regular giving

to December 2, 1945, and from February 17 to March 10, 1946.

Through a united canvass, the skeptical public is given much-needed evidence that the churches can and do work together on a large scale. Furthermore, a united canvass provides each individual church with promotional material which results from the total experience of many denominations.

Literature for the united canvass, and posters, of which the cover of this issue of *The Missionary Herald* is a sample, are available from our Missions Council, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

But whatever the plan that is used, a well-thought-out and carefully executed canvass not only increases contributions but increases the loyalty and love of our people for their church.

Your church undergirds the world church

ABOUT PEOPLE ABROAD

By Dorothy P. Cushing

The Church Love Built

When the thatched roof and mud walls of a little church in the Aruppukottai district, India, collapsed, the members, small farmers and coolies living on a mere pittance per day, sweated and sacrificed to build again. Two weeks before the Reverend S. Devapragasam of Madura sailed to America to become a member of the International Seminar now at work in Chicago Theological Seminary, he preached from a pulpit in a *new* Kanjanayakanpatti church. The pulpit was made possible by a gift from Mrs. E. S. Jones of Buffalo, New York, in memory of her father, the late Dr. Franklin Jeffrey, for forty years a worker in the Madura Council, and it was built at the Pasumalai Trade School. Chairman of the South Local Council, Mr. Devapragasam is administrative head of seven pastorates, with a Christian community of nearly 9,000, thirty-two elementary schools and a boarding school of over 200 pupils.

First Bibles to Freed Philippines

The first Bibles to be sent to the Philippines since they were freed were recently tucked safely into precious space in the hold of a Pacific-bound ship, thanks to the joint efforts of the Massachusetts Bible Society and the American Board for Foreign Missions. Filipino ministers had placed the Book of Books first on their list of needs. The Bible Society generously contributed nearly 400 Bibles. Hymnbooks and other religious volumes were included in the shipment. Working hard at this project were James F. McKinley, Dean of the School of Theology of Silliman University at Dumaguete; Frank C. Laubach and other Philippine missionaries.

Doxology Follows V-J Day

From Chungking, China, shortly after V-J Day came word that our Congregational missionaries were free. They had been prisoners at Weihsien internment camp in North China since 1943. "Well. Overjoyed . . . " ran the message. This

group includes Dr. and Mrs. Hugh W. Hubbard, Dr. Lucius C. Porter, the Reverend and Mrs. Ernest T. Shaw and son Stephen, Miss Hazel F. Bailey and Miss Louise Meebold.

Dudley in India

Raymond A. Dudley is now in India. Later he will be joined by three deputation members: Dr. and Mrs. Albert Buckner Coe of Oak Park, Illinois, and Miss Pattie Lee Coghill of New York. Mr. Dudley reports 30,000 people studying in our schools in India and Ceylon; 2,000 major operations performed last year in hospitals and 200,000 treatments.

If You Want Proof — Here It Is!

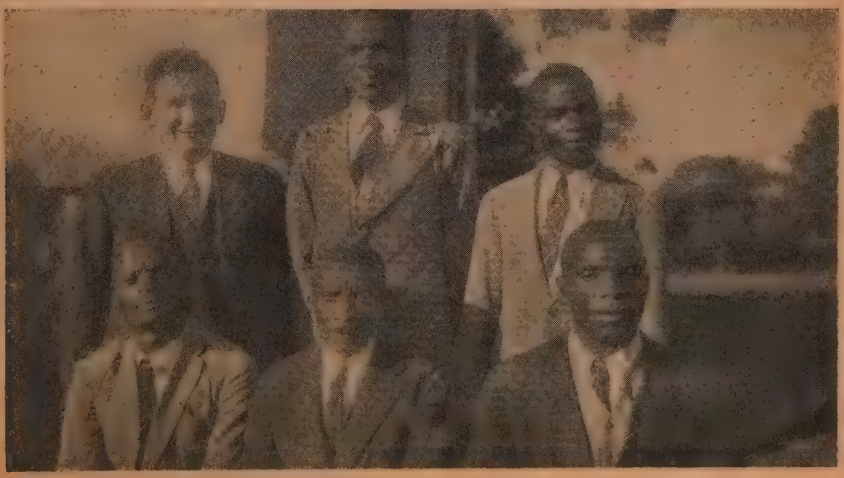
Carl R. Dille, of Chilesso, West Africa, with the four Chilesso pastors, plus the Church Secretary. "I'm the pale, anemic-looking one," writes Mr. Dille as he proudly names his associates, in the picture at the bottom of the page.

Back row, left to right: Mr. Dille; the Reverend Joao Capuca, of royal blood, pastor of a district of sixty-five villages with a total population of over 4,000, "thinker and organizer"; the Reverend Aurelio Chicanha, Church Secretary, "mainspring" of all coördinated work, son of a witch doctor. Although he has finished his theological training, his work is so valuable as an unordained coördinator that the church almost hesitates to ordain him and set him aside for one district only.

Front row, left to right: the Reverend Firmino Sahango, responsible for sixty-eight villages, population over 6,000, a "forceful preacher with contagious enthusiasm"; the Reverend Enoque Salupula, senior pastor with forty-three villages in his care and over 4,000 population, "has always stood as a bulwark against evil"; the Reverend Israel Canjanba, a teacher for twenty-five years with a "remarkable Bible knowledge." He has thirty villages with 2,000 population in a new field where lions often roam at large!

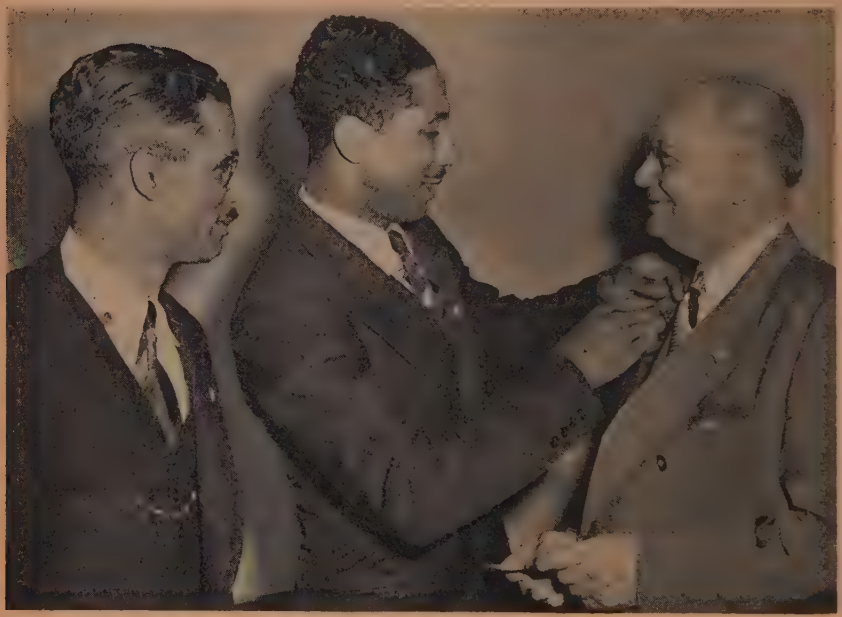
These four pastors, traveling on foot and by bicycle, serve an area a little larger than Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts combined. "They are a great group of men," says Mr. Dille.

Carl and Lois Dille went to Chilesso in 1939. Their furlough is now two years overdue because of the war and the depleted missionary staff.



HOMELAND HIGHLIGHTS

BY IONE CATTON



COURTESY CLUB STARTS AT THE TOP

THE mayor of Portland, Oregon, has become the first member of a "Courtesy Club," organized in that city by one of our Common Ground workers, George Thomas. Membership in the club is open to persons of all ages and all races, and is secured by a simple pledge to extend common courtesies on buses, streets, in shops and in all public places to all persons alike, regardless of race or nationality. Youth groups in Portland's churches are promoting membership, but the contagion of the club is catching young and old.

ANOTHER CHURCH COMES OF AGE

OUR Washington Conference heartily congratulates the members of our Alki Church, Seattle, who burned their mortgage on Sunday, July 1. Participating in the ceremony were Superintendent Claton Rice and Superintendent Paul A. Davies of the Oregon Conference.

GOOD NEWS FROM THE SOUTH

ONE of the most acute obstacles to supplying our churches with adequate ministry, and one that lies heavy on our hearts, is the insufficient number of well-trained Negro ministers who are ready now—in this generation—to serve our large number of Negro churches in the South. A recent grant by our Board of Home Missions to Franklinton Institute in North Carolina for a full-time Director will make possible summer conferences and other study periods for Negro leaders—at least a step toward the large work that must be done.

SOCIAL ACTION WHERE YOU ARE

FAR out on Washington's Olympic Peninsula, in the village of Forks, is our Northwestern outpost of Congregationalism. But let no one suppose that the spirit and dynamic of our Fellowship grow thin at its outer edges. In this little logging community the Reverend and Mrs. Evan David, fourteen years from Wales, have gone "into the Christian ministry" in the most thorough terms of community service.

"He is pastor to the whole town," remarked a business man as Mr. David hurried by, hailed by old and young along the street, to his supervision duties at the U.S.O. Center, started through his efforts. He is Chairman of the Community Chest Fund, of the Red Cross drive, was chaplain of the nearby Naval Base for some months until a Navy chaplain could be assigned.

A shifting logging population presents difficulties to the building of a permanent church group. Young people seek livelihoods elsewhere as soon as—or before—they finish the village school. Adults hesitate to establish church connections for their brief residence there. So this Welsh pastor and his busy, radiant wife cut the pattern to fit the cloth and have provided a thorough, intensive ministry "for the duration." Mrs. David, with the background of the singing Welsh, directs a choir for children. Boys and girls are sent for training to Seabeck, the summer conference center. A vacation school flourishes during the summer weeks. Women of the community are kept aware of the program of our Fellowship near and far and, through Friendly Service, minister to some current needs. The crude little sanctuary has been transformed during this six-year pastorate into a quiet chapel of real beauty, with its pipe organ and lovely altar. Recreation and class rooms are up-to-date. Though a somewhat uprooted people, the floating population of Forks finds, while there, the deep and growing roots of Christian friendliness and service.

(*Continued from page 5*)

Wagner came up just as the boy fell to the pavement. In an instant the old missionary was at his side, kneeling beside him on the stones, and lifting him in her arms.

"Do not dare to touch him!" she cried in a loud, stern voice. The storm trooper again raised his whip angrily, but something in her eyes checked him. He merely laughed as if embarrassed and shouted, "You old fool of a *Grossmutter!* Can't you see he is a Jew!"

Shortly afterward Frau Wagner communicated secretly with certain Jews, and with them she began to lay plans for spiriting their young boys and girls over the border into Belgium. It was inevitable, of course, that she should be caught. The wonder is that she lasted a long time and succeeded in saving a goodly number of young Jews from the persecutions within the Reich.

Her arrest was an event in Stolberg. The local Gestapo chief had known for some time that young Jews were escaping through Belgium. He had never thought of the old woman, for who would imagine that an old *Grossmutter*—and an Aryan at that—would indulge in such faithlessness to the Fuehrer?

Herr Gottlieb was so utterly terrified when the troopers came to ransack his house that he jumped down his own well and committed suicide.

Frau Wagner neither jumped down the well nor even trembled when they laid hold of her. And it was infuriating to Oberleutnant Müller that this old ragbag should dare to show no fear of him. He struck her across the face so hard that her brittle old jawbone almost snapped, but he couldn't wipe out that look in her eyes.

"Take her out there into the square and club her to death," he snapped to his young aide. And then he called them back again.

"Are you a German woman, an Aryan?" he asked Frau Wagner. "Or are your papers forged?"

She looked him straight in the eye. "They are not forged—but I am no German."

"How do you make that out?"

"My Fuehrer has naturalized me in many other countries."

"*Your* Fuehrer! What does she mean by that? What countries?"

"All those that are free . . . and all those that are enslaved. But of German citizenship, I am excused, *Gott sei dank!*"

"Take her and beat her until she is dead!" the officer roared.

He is reputed to have puzzled for months over the old woman's saying. Likewise, the trooper was disturbed, whose honor it was to beat her life out publicly.

For when there should have been no life left, only a mass of flesh and rags upon the ground, suddenly out of the potpourri a row of corset steels snapped smartly to attention. There was defiance in the gesture which was downright maddening. For what way is there to impose one's will upon corset steels?

Some others declared afterward that they had felt great fear, and would have sworn it was the old woman herself who stood up out of her dead frame to challenge the Fuehrer's Gestapo.

Published by courtesy of "Free World."

DANIEL HAND EDUCATIONAL FUND FOR COLORED PEOPLE

Income received for month of August, 1945, $3,447.18

Total income June 1, 1945 to August 31, 1945, $15,650.52

A Conditional Gift

to

THE BOARD OF HOME MISSIONS

will provide

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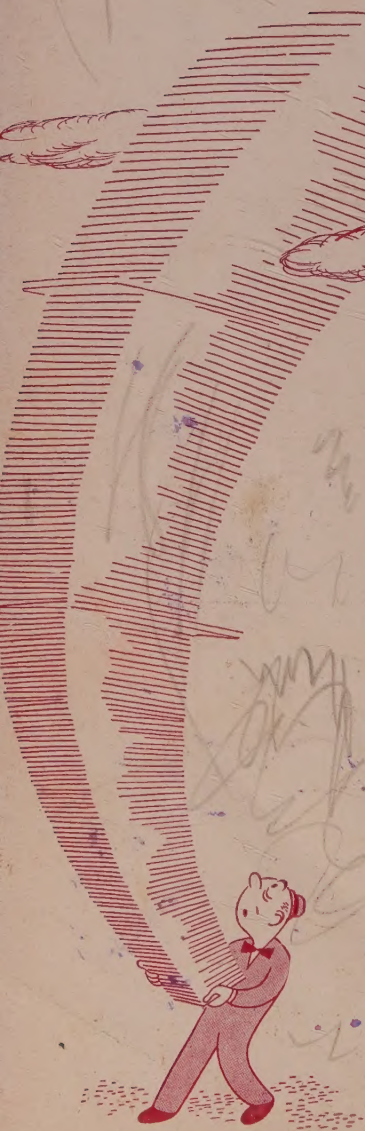

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